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Why can we not learn wisdom,
And all Christ's lessons teach?
By love and not by killing,
The souls of others reach?

Oh! let our souls be free, then,
From murdering mankind,
And let America now
A nobler mission find.
Leave the poor Filipinos
In God's own hand to rule;
His love and mercy guiding
Will be a better school.

MOORESTOWN, N. J.

Bad Results in all Directions.

Rev. C. W. Stephenson contributes a thoughtful paper to the *Union Signal* on "Australia and the Transvaal," from which we quote the following:

"The author (Dr. H. T. Burgess in the *Independent*) of that article finds matter for exultant congratulation over 'the wave of martial ardor that has swept over the Australasian group.' While others may see in this same wave the danger that threatens that group that hitherto 'has never heard a cannon fired in anger.' He fairly gloats over 'the glory of the 1,400, that might easily have been swelled to 10,000 for the South African war, in the fawn-colored uniforms and fixed bayonets and in the demonstration never previously paralleled!'

"There are others who can see in these things a quiet, peace-loving people taking their first lessons in the baleful and intoxicating influences of militarism, and who will ask seriously, 'What will be the final outcome of all this?' Why are there ten thousand men in the common walks of life in Australia who are willing to put on the accoutrements of war and go thousands of miles from home to assist in killing those who have never wronged them in any way, and with whom they have no quarrel? Mr. Burgess sees in all this a splendid burst of patriotism. Others see a lust for war, or a brutal indifference or misapprehension of its realities. He may rejoice over the possibility of such a ten thousand, while others see the degradation to which the ten thousand have fallen, or the majority of them. Will any one presume to say that these men who are so willing to enlist in a foreign war are of more than ordinary intelligence or morality? Then so much the worse for the people of Australia! . . .

"There is absolutely nothing in the life of the soldier on the field that has the remotest influence to better prepare him or qualify him in any way for the shop, the study, the farm, or any of the sober realities of common everyday life. There are tens of thousands everywhere who can be led to fight for anything, anywhere! Some are cheated by the fascinating word 'patriotism'; some think they are defending the flag; some suppose they are fighting for honor; while vastly more are carried away by the popular tide or 'wave of popular ardor'; some are charmed by the glitter, tinsel and brass buttons.

"A vitiated public sentiment has done much to foster this unhealthy state of things. For hundreds of years we have been taught that the life of the soldier is the most honorable, and that he alone deserves the best of his country. If for any reason he has been induced to put on the uniform and be enrolled as a soldier, whether

he ever sees service or not, whether drafted or not, whether his service be long or short, he must be considered as a hero, and receive a pension from the government the remainder of his life? . . .

"Why should the man who does his duty as a soldier for three months, or only three weeks, receive a pension from the government for life, while tens of thousands of others who serve in just as helpful capacities, demanding the very highest equipment of mind and soul, are never thought of as deserving public consideration? Will not Australia find she has a pension roll after the return of those who are not killed of the African contingent? Will those who return be nobler or better citizens? Or will the influences of camp life stay with them to cripple morality? . . .

"Within the past two years the writer has had occasion to ask more than one young man why he was about to enlist, and the answer always came something like the following: 'Oh, the rest of the fellers are goin', and I'm goin' too!' Or, 'I hain't a thing to do here and I may as well go.' Or, 'I can make nothin' of myself here; I can git good pay and board, and plenty of beer there, and I'm goin' to go.' One said, 'By jinks, I think it would be fun to git a crack at them d—n Spaniards!' After he came back he said to me, 'Now, I would rather go and help shoot them Cubans than the Spaniards.' Still another, 'I went out a clean, sober boy. I was detailed to 'tend the army canteen, and I came back a stained and weakened drunkard.'

"Let no one rejoice that men are easily led to take up the life of a soldier; let him rather shed tears that we have not yet outlived the thought of the necessity of such things. Surely we do not yet appreciate the awful horrors of war, nor the results that follow it in all directions, for all time!"

Principal Fairbairn's View of the War.

"I cannot ask more of the state than that it be Christian, nor can I ask less. I am more jealous of the good name of my people than of the good name of any single person. It does not become a Christian minister to be rash in judgment; but it is better to be a voice crying in the wilderness than to be dumb before an inarticulate mob. Was this war a necessity for our English state? Did we go into it with clean hands, like a strong people resolved to be chivalrous toward a weaker people who had proved their love of freedom by acts and sacrifices we at least ought to have been forward to recognize? I do not ask these questions as a politician; I ask them as a citizen of the English state who has tried to look at civil questions from the standpoint of the religion he believes and attempts to preach.

The century which has built up our immense empire has not been a century which loved war. Its supreme achievements have been attempts to create self-governing communities; to found colonies that were children not of the bond woman but of the free; to emancipate the slaves; to secure liberty and life for the lower races, protecting them from the brutalizing hands of civilized greed. These deeds which have made our empire have created in us a character which we have not been slow to boast. We have bidden oppressed nations to look to